

BRAUN'S STONE FENCE.

A Howling Blizzard Attempted to Raise It, but Abandoned the Job.

A few years ago an old Dutchman named Braun bought a quarter section just below mine. He came from Pennsylvania, and was a hard worker and a thrifty chap, as most all Pennsylvania Dutchmen are. My farm is fenced with barbed wire. The Dutchman didn't like wire fences, so in the spring he planted a willow hedge around his quarter section. Summer passed, and the hedge was growing like a jimson weed, when early in the fall a little black cloud which had been hanging around over in the northwest all the afternoon suddenly swooped down our way and went ripping and tearing across Braun's place. It didn't leave a dozen hedge plants standing.

Then the old man concluded that a fence which would stand again a hard wind would be cheaper in the long run, and by the middle of October he had built a stout rail fence to replace the hedge. It was a beauty—seven rails high, with locked corners and a heavy "rider" on every length. But we had hardly time to look over the old man's handiwork and pronounce it good before a blizzard struck it and scattered the rails over several neighboring townships.

Rather reluctantly Braun then decided to follow my example and fence his place with barbed wire. He put in place of the rail fence that was a wire fence which could scarcely be beaten. It had large, sawed posts and five heavy wires, and should have lasted a lifetime. It might have done so, perhaps, but for an unfortunate occurrence. One afternoon early in November another blizzard came sauntering along, pulled up every blade of fence post, carefully wrapped a few miles of wire around them and sailed off toward Chicago with the whole outfit.

When the hedge was destroyed the old Dutchman merely sighed; when the rail fence went he said something half under his breath; when the wire fence followed it he swore. Then he sat down, lighted his pipe and fell into a brown study.

Bright and early the next spring he began another fence. It was something entirely new for our country, but it was a dandy and no mistake. The old man set his hired hands to work picking up stones and hauling boulders together, and in a few weeks he had collected enough of 'em to build a stone wall. It was as strong as stone and cement could make it, and was four feet wide and three feet high. One afternoon, just after it was completed, Braun was pointing out to me the fine points of his new wall, when we noticed a black cloud over again the western horizon.

"There's trouble over that, old man," said I. "That blizzard thing is still rolling up its sleeves and spitting on its hands and getting ready for business. It'll be along here, too, in about two minutes."

"Well, let it come," said I. "Then, as there wasn't anything else to do, we sat down to watch it. It came ripping along, twisting off trees close to the ground or pulling 'em by the roots, cutting the prairie grass as clean as a mower could have done it and sweeping a clean path. When it reached that wall it just stopped a moment as if to look it over, and I could swear I heard a chuckle. Then it stopped and caught hold of the edge of the masonry. It held together well, but up it came, slowly and steadily. Just when the wall had been turned half over the blizzard suddenly gave a groan, lost its grip and loosened its hold. The wall settled down upon its side and the blizzard jumped over it and went howling on out of sight."

"Well," said Braun jubilantly. "Vot I told you. Dot fence is a dandy, don't it? It is von feet higher now as before dot vind come along." And he winked the other eye.—South Dakota Cor. Chicago News.

The Woman with the Fan.

The woman who uses a fan in a public assembly must see, if she has any adequate perception of what she is doing, that five-sixths of the air carried by this implement of torture is thrown into the neck of the gentleman or lady who sits in front of her. She may have read in works of physiology, and she must have seen very often in the newspapers, that pneumonia and kindred diseases are often the result of such careless use of the fan; but she would not abandon the habit or forego the slight relief that little waft of air brings to her cheek to save the life of the whole assembly.

We have had a stiff neck (not the moral, but the physical kind) for several days following the gratification of one who sat behind us in a church or lecture room, and we regard the woman with a fan as the ideal picture of supreme selfishness. Men are bad enough, but a selfish woman with a fan can take the prize.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Mirrors of the Greeks and Romans.

The mirrors of the ancient Greeks and Romans were thin disks of bronze, highly polished and usually fashioned with handles, though sometimes they were set upright on stands. Later on silver was used, and the first mirror of solid silver is said to have been made by Praxiteles in the time of Julius Caesar. Subsequently silver mirrors took the place of brass or bronze ones almost altogether, though steel, copper and even gold were also employed. "Looking glasses" of metal were employed everywhere up to the fifteenth century.—Washington Star.

His Predicament.

Lady (to deaf butcher)—Well, Mr. Smallbones, how do you find yourself today?

Smallbones—Well, I'm pretty well used up, mum. Every rib's gone, they've almost torn me to pieces for my shoulders, and I never had such a run on my legs.—London Tit-Bits.

An English writer asserts that no matter what species of oysters are placed in the English beds, where the natives are in excess, they very soon, "by interbreeding, become of a uniform character, the descendants being all practically native oysters."

Chemistry on the Farm.

Many farmers laugh at the notion of applying the principles of chemistry on the farm, calling such an application of science "fooling" and humbug. Yet farmers see their sons grow up and drift away because, having been educated in the public schools, the spirit of a scientific and progressive age has possessed them, and they seek elsewhere than upon an old-fashioned farm scope for the education which they have already gained and for the wider education which they crave.

Now there is no field which offers more ample scope for an educated and scientific mind than a good farm. The old-fashioned farmer says, "What do I want to know about chemistry? It's enough if I manure the ground and plant my seed; nature will take care of the rest."

But the application of manure is "chemistry," and if the farmer or his boy understands the groundwork of that science he knows what kind of manure is good for a certain field and what kind is good for another, and his knowledge may make for him or save for him many dollars in a single year.

A knowledge of chemistry will enable him to save the valuable properties of his manures for the soil, instead of letting them be evaporated and wasted, as they are in the case of most natural manures as now treated on the farms of this country.

But the most important function of science on the farm, after all, at the present time, is not the immediate material advantage which it may bring to the farmer, but the means which it will supply of interesting the young, of engaging their active and eager intelligence, and keeping them from places where they will be very much worse off.—Youth's Companion.

Good Fishing.

The most unique locality to be found by the sportsman is probably that surrounding the town of Linkville, in Klamath county, Ore. The town nestles at the foot of a large mountain, and lies right on the bank of what is locally known as Link river. This stream—which is quite large and connects the upper and lower Klamath lakes—is alive with thousands and probably millions of large fish, which are constantly passing to and fro between the two lakes, and are as constantly jumping out of water in sight of the town. They are of all sorts and sizes.

Some of them appear to be cutting up those antics for the fun of the thing, and some to shake some kind of an eddike-looking creature which attacks them in the water and becomes attached to their sides, causing the fish apparently much suffering. It is no uncommon thing for large fish to be taken there whose sides are all scarred up in consequence of these attacks.

It would not be surprising if many fish were thus destroyed. Probably there are not in the world two lakes more numerous stocked with trout than the upper and lower Klamath lakes. Judging by map measurement, they each average thirty miles in length by ten miles in width. Many large streams empty into them, affording splendid fishing and spawning grounds. Lying east of the Cascade range of mountains, where genuine winter prevails in the season for it, the water is better and the fish healthy and solid—features which do not prevail on the western side of the mountains, where an almanac has to be consulted to ascertain accurately the season of the year.—Forest and Stream.

A Conventional Custom.

One of the simplest instincts of good manners would seem to be that a man should uncover his head while eating his dinner with his family; yet it is pretty certain that the first gentlemen of England two centuries ago habitually wore their hats during that ceremony, nor is it known just when or why the practice was changed. In Pepys' famous Diary, which is the best manual of manners for its period, we read, under date of Sept. 23, 1664, "Home to bed, having got a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat at dinner and sitting with the wind in my neck."

In Lord Clarendon's essay on the decay of respect paid to age he says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself except at dinner. Lord Clarendon died in 1674. That the English members of parliament sit with their hats on during the sessions is well known, and the same practice prevailed at the early town meetings in New England. The presence or absence of the hat is therefore simply a conventionality, and so it is with a thousand practices which are held, so long as they exist, to be the most unchangeable and matter of course affairs.—Harper's Bazar.

When a Man Is Thirty Years of Age.

All men who employ animals in work know how their speed falls off with increasing age. Race horses are withdrawn from the track shortly after they have arrived at the full possession of their force; they are still good for competitions in bottom, and are capable for many years yet of doing excellent trotting service, but they cannot run in trials of speed.

Man's capacity to run likewise decreases after he has passed thirty years; and the professional couriers who are still seen in Tunis, running over large distances in an incredibly short time, are obliged to retire while still young. Those who continue to run after they are forty years old all finally succumb to grave heart affections.—Philadelphia Record.

Pawned a Five Dollar Bill.

A man who possessed a five dollar bill, and wanted to blow it in badly, hit upon a novel plan the other day by which to save and spend it both. The bill was given to him by a friend, and he was determined not to part with it. After a lengthy debate with himself he evolved the brilliant scheme of pawning the note. He paid a visit to his uncle, raised \$4.03 on the bill, and spent it according to his tastes. When further funds came in he redeemed the original note.—Philadelphia Record.



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